Twinkling Stars With a Satellite or Two

(Centinued from Page Twelve.) "Over Night," and "Stop f," Mr. Hardy's numor is quiet, personality most picasing.

Lertora is New York born. He finished his education in the Ethical Culture School, and about that time played a nart in an anatour presentation of a musical play called "The Dream Girl." Lertora was criticised by a fellow-member, and in the heat of argument made a bet that he could make a success on the professional stage. He applied to Philip Bartholomea for a part in "Miss Daisy," secured it, and was in the cast during the short life of that offering at the Lyric, New York, last season. After two or three others had falled to give satisfaction in the part Lertora is now playing, this during rehearsals, somebody suggested Lertora, and he won his bet long ago.

Bobert Ober, who plays the part of Tony Schmals, had done little previous to his creation of the role in "The Princess Pat" that added to his professional standing, except it be his appearance last season in Marie Dregsler's support in "The Mix-up." at the Thirty-ninth Street Theater, Last summer he presented a sketch at the Collseum, London, entitled "A Regular Business Man, and the season before his contagement with Miss Dressler he was in the cast of "Ready Money." Previous to that he was a member of Oliver Morosoc's stock company in Los Angeles for two years. He played, however, the character of the boy with Dorothy Donnelly in "Madame X." was three seasons with "Brewster's Millions," and followed Donald Brian in "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway." He is well fitted in "The Princess Pat," and his personality helps to make him a favorite in the role

College Youth Turns Out To Be a Most Successful Actor!

LTHOUGH some pessimistically inclined American business men

man for Ldly Longtry is "Mrs. Decring Divorce" and in "The Degenerate." He created the leading part if. "The College Widow." Others for whom he has been leading man are Alary Mannering. Betha Kalich, Lillian Russell, Elsie Ferguson, and Rose Stabl. With such a wide experience, Mr. Truesdell believes he knows enough about the American stage to write ar acceptable book. He hopes to do so some day.

Yes, Henry Blossom is the same one who, in collaboratoan with Victor Herbert, presented to the stage, "Mile. Modiste." "The Red Mill." "The Prima Donns," and "The Only Girl."

The Portmanteau Theater. What It Is and What It Means.

The Portmanteau Theater, which is to be unpacked at the New Willard, in the ballroom, on February 22, for the purpose of giving two performances, is the newest novelty in the dramatic field.

Stuart Walker, for six years stage diactor for David Belasco, is its sponsor It is just what its name implies, a perfeet miniature stage, which can be car ried from one city to another and set flight of imagination, but really if the audience would wait, we are sure that the stage could be set up in a few

While aiming to make his theater the most compact in existence, Mr. Walker has not sacrificed the needs of the physical stage. The Portmanteau possesses every contrivance necessary for the performance of a four-act play. It may be stated that many interior scenes used in dramatic productions are no larger than the Portmantea set. There are no footlights—Mr. Walker has never used them—but there is a complete lighting system which is Mr. Walker's own.

A inclined American business men and a few mercenary women are inclined to think that no good can come out of a college education, Frederick Truesdell is a living denial to whom the optunistic should turn for sympathy.

This young man graduated from Yale in 1895, yet he has entried his living creditably ever since, and has ocen patonly a good actor, but a good actor, whose talents were appreciated.

His first experience was with Augustin Daly, with whom he remained three years, playing both in the United States and abroad. Later he played the original lead in "Ben-Hur." He also supported Willium H. Crime and William Gillette. Then for several seasons he was a stock company man. One season he was a atock company man. One season he passed in such a role at the Tremennt Theater, Boston, in support of J. H. Gilmore.

In addition, Mr. Truesdell was leading When dress rehearsals for the first

GOSSIP OF THE STAGE

to Grumpy. I have two comedies now being written for me, one by Haddon Chambers, and the two by Michael Morton, on which I base great hopes, indeed, the one by Morton will fit me, I believe, with one of the most enjoyable characters I have yet played. It is a comedy laid in Canada, on the border, and the leading character is a der, and the leading character is a cockney barber who has lived there for years and fancies himself a bit of a financier. I am most enthusiastic

Mr. Sumner is the author of "The Natural Law," which was seen last spring at the Republic Theater.

James K. Hackett has engaged Henrietta Crosman to play Mistress Page in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," which will follow his production of "Macbeth."

Doris Keane has contracted with Edward Sheldon, American play-wright, to produce a new fantastic comedy by him at the Lyric Theater, Miss Keane is appearing at the Lyric in Mr. Sheldon's "Romance."

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree has secured Lyn Harding for the title role of "Henry VIII." with which production he will open his Shakespeare tercentenary festival in New York early in March, Sir Herbert himself appearing as Cardinal Wolsey, while an interesting engagement is pending for Anne Boleyn.

Eleanor Gates' one-act fantasy. "Swat the Fly!" is to have its first stage pre-sentation in Shanghai. China, where it will be adapted and played by young Chinese girls.

A new comedy, entitled "The Will o' the Wisp," is to be produced in Wil-mington, Del., April 8, with Alice Brady in the leading role. Miss Brady is at present playing a motion picture en-gagement in North Carolina.

Ethel Downle, who plays the child is "On Trial," was born in Cleveland, Ohio, and made her first appearance on the stage as the child with Francis Wilson, in "The Bachelor's Baby:" next came the part of the little girl in "Alias Jimmy Valenthe." and theu one of the principal roles in "The Blue Bird" and "The Dummy," supporting Ernest Truex. Her present role is one of the most trying she has ever had.

T. Lawrason Riggs and Cole Porter are the authors of the new patriotic comic opers, "See America First," to be pro-duced by the Marbury-Comstock com-pany. The young men left their atudies at the graduate school in order to at-tend rehearsals. "See America First" is their first Broadway production.

Irens Fenwick, who recently concluded an engagement in 'The Song of Songs," is to have the leading cole in 'Her Price," a n'ay by Lottle M. Meaney and Oliver D. Bailey. The play is a drama built on the sex theme to a certain extent. Mr. Bailey gave it a tryout a few weeks ago with Emma Dunn in the chief part.

Sir George Alexander, the English acter-manager, is coming to New York in the early apring to appear in his new comedy, called "The Basker," under the direction of Walter Hast. Mr. Hast arrived from London last week, and will at once begin preparations for Sir George's appragment. George's engagement.

The Yale University Dramatic Association will present Oscar Wilde's "An Ideal Husband" at the Waldorf-Astoria on Saturday afternoon and evening. March 4. This satire on English society and politics of twenty years agocalls for eighteen parts, all of which will be played by Yale undergraduates. Edgar Montilion Woolley, who took a prominent part in dramatic activities prominent part in dramatic activities when at Yale, is coaching the produc-

Such extraordinary interest has been oused among local theatergoers be-

rangements have been completed for the reappearance of Frances Starr at the Belasco Theater on February 29, in her greatest New York dramatic success, "Marie-Odile," that Manager L. Stoddard Taylor has decided to open a mail order department for this engagement. Orders mailed to the theater and accompanied by the proper remittance, together, with a self-addressed, stamped envelope, will be filled in the order of their receipt,

Sir Herbert Tree has acquired the English rights to "The Great Lover," and will produce it in London with himself in Leo Ditrichstein's role of Jean Paurel.

A. H. Woods has accepted for production a new play by Charles Sumner, entitled Watch My Wife," It is described as a farce in three acts. The premiere will take place early in Mr. Sumner is the authors.

With the Local Musicians

W. Walter Sorrell, a member of the tenor section of the choir of oid St. John's Church, Lafayette Square, has been temporarily released to sing the tenor solos in the choir of St. Tlargaret's Church, in the absence of Melville Hensey, the regular tenor soloist, who has gone on a six weeks' trip to South America. Mr. Sorrell sang for the first time in St. Margarets last Sunday, Francis L. Platt is substituting for Mr. Sorrell in St. John's choir. The position of assistant organist at old St. John's Church has not yet been filled. W. Walter Sorrell, a member of the tenor section of the choir of id St. John's Church, Lafayette

Otto Luebkert is singing the base solos in the choir for the present. A permanent appointment has not yet been decided up 1.
Edwin H. Lemare, the distinguished English organist, of London, who is now on tour in America, will be heard in a recital at a constitution. don, who is now on tour in America, will be heard in a recital at a date to be announced before Ash Wednesday. Cards of invitation will be issued for the recital by Honry h. Freeman, the regular organist of the

Mrs. Huron Lawson will give the third secital in Winchester, Va., next Tuesday evening, under the auspices of Fort Loudon Seminary.

Ciarence Eddy, concert organist of New York, is to appear at St. John's Church in a recital on February 24, assisted by Gerirude Lyons, soprano soloist. Admission to the church on this occasion will be by card of in-vitation only. Applications should be sent to Henry H. Freeman, or-ganist and choirmaster of St. John's Church. Cards will be issued Tues-day.

A concert will be given by the choir of the Universalist Church of Our Father next Tuesday evening. In addition to quartet numbers, selections will be played by the Rebew Orchestra, and vocal and instrumental numbers rendered by Charles Moore, Miss Mabel Linton, H. Tudor Morsell, Edwin Callow, Mrs. Hugh Brown, and Arthur B. Pierce.

The D. C. Chapter of the American Guild of Organists met last Monday evening at the home of Miss Jennic Glennan. The next service under the suspices of the guild will be given by the Catholic mixed choirs at the Church of the Immaculaic Conception on a date to be announced later. The committee arranging for this event includes Harry Wheaton Howard. Armand Harry Wheatoh Howard, Armand Gumprecht, Miss Jennie Giennan, Miss Mary Mulialy, Dr. Janey Dick-inson, and Glenn Ashley. An evening of plano concertos with organ accompaniment will occupy the March meeting.

RHEUMATISM CAN BE CURED

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THE STRANGE CASE OF MARY PAGE (Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.)

Mary Page, actrons is accused of the murder of David Policick and is defended by her lover, Philip Langdon. Policick was intoxicated. Shale, a crock and tool of Policick, was on the fire escape watching for Langdon. At Mary's trial she admits ahe had the revolver. Her maid testifies that Mary threatened Policick with it previously, and Mary's leading man implicates Langdon. How Mary disappeared from the seen of the crime is a mystery. Brandon tells of a strange Fand print he saw on Mary's shoulder.

CHAPTER IV. Her Mother's Story.

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY stood fice adjoining the court and stared down at the hurrying throngs while one nervous hand best

grimy pane.
It had been raining, and the identity. even the sex, of the crowd was sub-merged beneath a sea of bebbing black umtrellas, between which the wet and shining tops of the motor cars darted like huge black beetles. But the prosecutor saw neither the crowd nor the traffic-he saw only Mary Page! She become almost an obsession with him now, and though it was not yet time for court and there were other ness claimed his attention in his other office, he had drifted here, as he had drifted unwittingly each morning to mentally test the links in the chain of evidence against her.

her upon the merciless wheel of the law, and yet he was conscious that more than one of its links were weak.—so weak, in fact, that not even his masterly summing up for the jury had been entirely able to gloss it over. He did not doubt for a moment that Mary Page was guilty of the murder of the Mary, the summing a final encouragement—or a final instruction. It SHOULD be strong enough to bind masterly summing up for the jury had been entirely able to gloss it over. He did not doubt for a moment that Mary Page was guilty of the murder of Davia Pollock, but he had not PROVED her so to his own satisfaction. The intricacles or what had at first seemed so simple a case had multiplied with almost increasive rapidity, and each clue that it had seemed must throw an illuminating light upon the labyrinth of mystery had proved in turn to be mere will-o'-the-wisps that led deerer into the mare.

He had shown that Pollock was in her eyes an onemy; he had proved that

or into the mase.

He had shown that Poliock was in her eyes an onemy; he had proved that the dead man was a wooer whose pursuit was unwelcone; he had shown that twice during the recent years Pollock ind forced Mary to promise to be his wife, but that once the necessity for that step was removed she had everything to gain by his death, which was surely motive enough; added twhich was surely motive enough; added twhich was surely motive enough; added to which was surely motive enough; added to which was surely motive enough; added to which if she were not guitty he felt she would not have fied that night after the murder. But that flight—that complete disappearance within those few short moments, presupposed a contederate—some one who had either let her into another room in the hotel or into one of the houses whose backs looked up across the narrow street. A confederale, on the other hand, meant a premeditated crime, and the beiling, and those at the banquet had textified that Mary had not exfected to see David Pollock when she went into the room. Time after time as he went back to the testimony—to the fact that Mary had had the revolver in her bag. IAD gone into the room and HAD been found beside Pollock's body, he strove to glimpse some faint clue that would give a chance for "fresh evidence." In the meantime, if was Langdon's turn, and the keen-eyed District Attorney wondered curiously just what defense he would bring. Landgon's centinual refusal to cross-examine the witnesses for the State had naturally kept his defense wonderfully well hidden. Yet when so much of the testimony had concerned Langdon himself, cross-examination must perforce have been a farce, and the prosecutor did not be-

omination must perforce have been a farce, and the prosecutor did not be-lieve its absence a part of any deepfarce, and the prosecutor did not be-lieve its absence a part of any deep-laid scheme.

The newspapers were, however, full

The newspapers were, however, full of theories as to what the defense would be. Several claimed that it would be the "unwritten law," the guarding of Mary Page's honor another that it would be proved that Poliock shot himself when he found that not even his support of her stardom could make Mary marry him; while still a third said that the real criminal would "confices" when put upon the stand. Absurd, all of them, and yet the third theory brought a frown to the lawyer's face. Suppose Langdon himself confessed to the murder! He didn't believe Langdon had committed it, but he loved Mary and he might perjure himself to save her. "Hello, Chief." A voice from the door interrupted his revery and he turned quickly. "Hello, Sheenan. Have you got anything." of theories as to what the defense would

The detective came in and shut the

door.

"No.' he said, "not a thing along the lines you spoke of. Slade doesn't know anything except what he told, and I've traced Langdon's movements for three days before the murder, down to each minute, and there's nothing to hang a dos's hair to."

"Did you find out about the automobiles parked on that night?"

"Yep, but Casey was on the job at that corner, and there wasn't as much that corner, and there wasn't as much as a ghost of a motor went into the stret back of the hote! The back gates of the houses were locked—had been tried by the watchman just a few minutes earlier, and the police were on the job anyway, on account of the club there. The Page woman must have gone down the fire-escape and climbed into the hotel at another floor-that's

the only answer."
The prosecutor turned again to the window. "All right." he said, curtly. But the detective lingered.
"Say. Chief." he suggested, hesitatingly. "have you talked to Daniels."
Lattle fat guy that runs the Covington? I saw him yesterday and he locks—well, sick."

T saw hith feet sick."

The prosecutor laughed.

"You'd look sick yourself in his shoes." he said. "Daniels has lest a popular star, a bully good show, and a generous backer through one little .35caliber cartridge—and the fortune he had his hands on has flown the coop. He doesn't know anything. I've pumped

He doesn't know anything. I've pumped him dry as powder."

A discreet knock sounded, and the bailiff put his head in at the door.

"His honor is ready to so into court, sir." he said; and with a ned of relief the prosecutor gathered up his papers. "Defense begins koday, don't it?" seked the detective as he left. "What

do you guess it's going to be?"

"I'm not guessing anything," anid the district attorney grim'y, "except that his witnesses are going to have a bad time when they get into my hands,"

"Tell me something I don't know," chuckled the detective with honest administration when they get into my hands," miration, though after a moment's pause he added behind his superior's back. "But Mary Page has got the back. "But Mary Page has not the sympathy of the crowd at that, by She had won the She had won the sympathy of the spectators now-there was no doubt of it.

EXCURSIONS

OLD POINT COMFORT, NORFOLK, VA. SOUTHERN WINTER RESURTS Special Tears To Famous Hotel/ Chamberlia Daily Service—Modern Steel Steamers City Ticket Office, 731 15th St. N. W. NORPOLK & WASHINGTON STEAMBOAT CO.

and the heatility that was writ no large on the faces for her at the hestining now arected the prosecutor instead, and it was a hostility that somehow was the more acute because the faces were so oddly familiar-so familiar, in fact, that had almost spoken to one of the men who sat in the front row when he had neased him in the corridor the day before.

The renoriers seemed like old friends, too, and he noticed with a srim litting and was at the front row when he had no was an very becoming hat, and the noticed with a srim litting in hofor of the defense or because the day before one of the star writers on a blue faily had changed his seat in order to all beside her! He knew the latter reason was the more probable, and the favee of life, the strange dramatic control of it, struck him as it had many times before; that here with the bleed clothes of a shameful death hanging with the bleed clothes of a shameful death hanging with the bleed clothes of a shameful death hanging with the bleed clothes of a shameful death hanging with the bleed clothes are good of the star writers on every drunk. He-he frightened from the bleed clothes are good wormen still found time to bisy the world-old game—to think of hats and the star of the mere good eopy." for those who could not bress hith the court-room, to gloot over the next day with avid can be place of others who would turn their stories in by telephone hour after hour for the special editions, For today the defense or heavy page with the place of others who would turn their stories in by telephone hour after hour for the special editions, For today the defense or the mext day with a vide and the page of others who would turn their stories in by telephone hour after hour for the special editions, For today the defense or Mary Page would begin. To day Langua must strip of the mask or as miling confidence and show what lay behind it.

The mask, or at any rate, the smile was still there when he came into court, not with Mary, this time, but were close to her ear as if he were

a final instruction:

Mary, too, was smiling, and she had thrust a white rose into her belt, a rose as palely sweet as she herself, and her lips, curied back like soft red petals, shaped the words she was silently repeating:

"Today we will begin my defense."

Today we will begin my defense. Today Philip will start to set me free!"
And not even in her own heart would she let herself contemplate the thorny path that must be traveled before that clusive freedom had struck the invisble gyves from off her

she gyves from off her wrists and heart.

She was still wincing a little from the lash of the final speech of the presecutor. It seemed to her as if nothing to come—except the final moments before the verdict—could possibly be as bad as that half hour of the day before. So it was with equanimity, though a yearning wistfulness showed in her oyes, that she heard the first witness of the day called.

"Mrs. Annie Pare!"

The frail little woman seemed to have visibly shrunk when she took her place in the witness stand, and the great violet shadows under her eyes and the coloriess lips told of the strain that the trial was proving. Her siender fingers curled like stendrils about the edge of

trial was proving. Her stender fingers curied like stendrils about the edge of the stand, as if she feared her ability to remain erect; but her eyes were steady and her voice clear-love for her child was greater than fear of the law or the pain of dragging out long hidden shames and sorrows.

"Mrs. Page, how long ago was it that you met the man who later became your bustand?"
"Thirty-one years ago at Christmas."

"Thirty-one years ago at Christmas."
"And you became engaged almost immediately?"

married, was it not?"

My parents insisted upon my breaking the engagement."
"But it was later renewed?"
"Yes. He promised me that he would stop drinking, and I believed. God

stop drinking, and I believed. God knows, a woman always believes that from a man."

"Please make only direct answers to but—we didn't see Mr. Pollock."

"Will you tell the court why? Not me. Mrs. Page, but the court—as if I sternly, and Mrs. Page flushed a little were not present."

thows, a woman always believes that
f-from a man."

"Please make only direct answers to
the questions," interrupted the judge
saternly, and Mrs. Page flushed a little
under the rebuke. A whisper of sympathy crept about the room.

"Will you tell us, please." Langdon's
voice was warning in its sharpness, "as
concisely as you can what happened
after your marriage?"

"What happened?" she said wearily.
"is what happens to thousands of women. We hadn't been married very long
before my husband began to drink
again. The—the night that the certainty
that Mary was coming to us from God

again. The—the night that the certainty that Mary was coming to us from God came to me—he was out till dawn and had to be brought home too drunk to even know where he was. And all the while that I was making ready for her, he made my inability to go out with him an excuse for debauch. And oh, your honor—" she added, turning to the judge with a catch in her voice. "night after night I used to walk the floor, praying like a wicked woman that by baby might die before it came into the world—because I was a raid it would bear the taint—would be born with that awful devastating thirst."

'Did your husband ever strike you when he was drunk?" Again Langdon's voice held that warning note, but now the prosecutor broke in sharply your honor—' she added, turking your honor—' she added, turking your honor—' she added, turking your hight after night I used to walk the floor, praying like a wicked woman that by baby might die before it came into the world—because I was a raid it would bear the taint—would be born with that awful devastating thirst."

'Did your husband ever strike you when he was drunk?'' Again Langdon's voice held that warning note, but now the prosecutor broke in sharply "May it please the court. I protest against this evidence, as irrefevant! As against this evidence, as irrefevant! As being a palpable effort to arouse symbeing a palpable effort to arouse symbel effort e

"On the contrary, your honor," Lang-On the contrary, your honor, Lang-don took an eager step forward, and there was a sharp thrill almost of tri-umpa in his voice as he spoke, "it is my intention to prove by this testimony that Mary Page, through prenatal in-fluence, was born with so great a hor-ror of drink as to induce in her moments of temporary insanity, even when she was a little child. And if Mary Page fired the shot that killed David Pollock she did so while suffering from an attack of repressed psychosis to which she has been subject all her life. The words spread like a flame through the tinder of curiosity and leaped from lip to lip not only through the court liself, but spread by some telepathic means to those hovering in the corridor without. The defense was known at last. It was temporary insanity under ments of temporary insanity, even when without. The defense was known at last. It was temporary insanity under a new and delightfully crudite litte!

It caught the prosecutor unawares, lie appreciated its cleverness; even though he doubted its honesty. It offered an excuse for everything—the sheeting, the flight. Mary's repeated and bysterical assertions that she remembered nothing except Pollock's endeavor to make her drink—but it was

DANCING

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By FREDERICK LEWIS, Author of "What Happened to Mary"-Pictures by Essanay

A murmur of excitement crept about the reporters' table, as well as among the spectators. This was "great stuff," and when Mary's trembling hand came

"Which shoulder was that mark upon, Mrs. Fage?"
"The left one."
'How long was it before the child stopped screaming?"
"Several hours, and she was feverish and ill for days."
Langdon's voice now changed abruptly, and the prosecutor's eyes narrowed to the watchfulness of a cat's, as the former asked:
"On the night when your daughter repudiated her engagement to David Pol-

pudiated her engagement to David Pol-ock, were you sitting up waiting for heir return from a dance?"

iv tanned face, his hear, "Yes."

"Yes."

"Will you tell the court as briefly as possible what occurred?"

"It was very late. I had been waiting what seemed to be hours before they came in. Mr. Page, who was very much under the influence of llquor, was berating Mary, and once he started to atrike her, but Mr. Pollock interfered, telling me that Mary and I had better go and try and got some rest. Once in her own room, however, my daughter broke down and sobbed and said. Your grief and father's danger made me accept Mr. Pollock. Tonight I tried to run away with Philip, because he is the man I love—but I am helpless in your hands."

"Did you still urge Miss Page to marry Mr. Pollock?"

"No. My daughter's happiness was loo great a price to pay to save my husband from the penalty of his crime, husband from the court as british accent find face, his head for the delicate little witness who had gone before him, and he surveyed the Judge and jury with a war kin has a wriking contrast from the elicate little witness was a striking contrast for the delicate little witness was a striking contrast for the delicate little witness was a striking contrast for the delicate little witness was a striking contrast for the delicate little witness was a striking coth had lived by dudge and jury with a war

"No. My daughter's happiness was too great a price to pay to save my husband from the penalty of his crime, and I told Mary that she and I together would go to David that very day and plead with him to set her free. It was dawn then, and finally she went to also."

were not present."

"We'll, your honor," she said, turning to the judge, "when my daughter and I reached Mr. Pollock's office the door was open and Mr. Langdon was in there. As we came up we heard Mr. Pollock say, 'Give me a fair chance—that s all I ask, and I've never had it. You leave town for two weeks, and if on your return Mary Page still prefers you—I will withdraw and give her up to you. Mr. Langdon demurred at first. Then he said he would go that day and hurried our without seeing either Mary or me. I felt we ought to see Mr. Pollock, anyway, but before we could go into the office we heard a door creak, and my husband's voice." She broke off with a smothered sob, and Langdon promoted her quickly:
"What did your itusband say, Mrs. Page"
"He said, 'With Lauredon out of the

come, my husband and Mr. Pollock came in and Mr. Follock told us that he

come. my nusuand and Mr. Pollock came in and Mr. Follock told us that he had bought the mortgage on our home. He said that if Mary would marry him within a week he would give her the mortgage and the forged check as a wedding gift. If she didn't—he would foreclose and put the check into the hands of the folloc."

"Did Miss Page agree?"

"She said she would answer him the next day, and he said he would walt, though my husband was anary that though my husband was anary that there should be any delay. Then Mr. Pollock went, and Mary joined Mr. Langdon, and they started for a walk."

"No. I went to the kitchen to fix the fire for the night. But I was drawn to the window by hearing angry words and saw my husband berating Mr. Langdon. I was so terrified over it all and—and—so hoartbroken at the thought

PHOTOPLAYS

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then he caught her by the shoulder and forced her to her knees!"

Bobs caught in her throat. She could not go on for a moment, and the tears rolled unheeded down her cheeks, as stammering a little and speaking almost insoherently, she cried: "And then, your honor, Mary sereamed! Screamed the way she had before, and i-i saw her go mad before my very eyes! Mr. langdon, who had neen waiting in the garden—to be sure all was right with us—heard the scream, too, and came running m. My husband saw him, and he shatched the poker out of the fire where in my haste i had left it, and swing it at Mr. Langdon. But it was Mary he hit. I heard the sound of it—I smelt the burnt itesn, and as Mr. Langdon flung my husband to the floor I ran to her. But before I could reach fir, or stop her, she ran, still screaming, out of the house and disappeared!"

A passion of tears shook her as sne finished; tears that were mirrored is all the eyes in the, room. Even Langdon's voice was unsteady as he said, gently:

"That is all, Mrs. Page,"
hary was sobbing, too, but they were the tears or sad memories, rather inan present suffering, and she flung a rateful sunce from beneath ner wet.

t say I was scared, so I stood—not hidin'; mind ye, but waitin' tae see what it was. Then I seen a figure on the other side of the hollow coomin' through the trees—all in waite—and wayin' its arms, daft-like, and singin' and laughin' and cryin' all in one."

"Could you see who it was?"

"Not at first, it were too far away, but I says to mysel, 'it's use a ghost, oor a fairy. 'T's some puir daftie got away from its keeper. 'I'l wait till it gets nearer, then try and stop it."

"Could you hear what she was singing?"

"Nae., But presently I heard another voice—a voice shoutin', and I knew it were someons after her. I was minded to shout back, but I was afraid of scartin the poor daft thing, so I stood watchin' till suddenly she coom out into a patch of moonlight, and I knew her face. It was Mary Page."

"How far distant was this figure when you first thought you recognized it as Mary Page?"

"I dinna ken, exactly," said the woodsman thoughtfully, "twas no more than maybe twice the width of the space of yon door," nodding toward the entrance into court, "but to get to her I would have had to skirt the lip of the hollow, so I stood still, watchin'."

"Her dress or her petticoats, was all torn and muddy, her hair was hangin'

looked."

"Her dress or her petticeats, was all torn and muddy, her hair was hangin' down onto her shoulders, and her face and arms were scratched and bloody and there was something that looked like a great sore on her forchead. She moved like a blind person, stumblin' over stumps and bumpin' into the trees, and yet she kep' on that strange groonin' song—laughin', too, at times."

"Could you hear any other sound."

"Aye, I heard a voice callin, "Mary!"
Mary!" And I could hear the smashin' of the underbrush as somebody came

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